The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XIV. BOSTON, APRIL, 1906. No. 11

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second-class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS OF NO. 11.

EASTER HYMN 129
THE STORY OF THE RESURRECTION 129
THE STILL HOUR 133
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB 133
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL: DO NOT REPROVE IN PUBLIC 135
NATURAL HISTORY: THE NEST OF THE VIREO . 135
BIOGRAPHY: "THE GOOD LORD SHAFTESBURY" . 136
LETTERS OF A SISTER: BOSTON IN THE THIRTIES 137
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN 138
IMPORTANT NOTICES 140

EASTER HYMN.

Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen and man cannot die.
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save;
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,—
"The Saviour hath risen and man shall not die."

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!
The being He gave us death cannot destroy.
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us immortal to Heaven ascend.
Lift, then, your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

—*Henry Ware.*

THE STORY OF THE RESURRECTION.

II.

Before Jesus addressed the women he may have discovered from their voices, from their exclamations of surprise, that they were friends of his. Possibly the sound of their approach had caused him to retire into the tomb, from which he had issued a little while before, to the terror of the soldiers. With that perfect collectedness which marked his conduct, even in moments when all around him were excited, he does not attempt to make himself known at a time when the dimness of the light rendered it at least doubtful whether the women would recognize him, when their coming to the spot showed that they had no idea of finding him alive, and when, more than all, he does not appear to have been prepared to disclose himself. He speaks of himself in the third person, and seeks to allay their alarm. "Be not afraid. Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He is risen; he is not here.* Behold, the place where they laid him"; that is, see, the tomb is empty. "But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him, as he said unto you." These words are differently reported by the three historians. The agitation of the women, which was so great that, as we are told, "they bowed their faces to the earth," accounts for the variation. The introduction of the name of Peter is touchingly characteristic of Jesus, and betrays the speaker. Peter had basely denied all knowledge of his master; and well might he doubt, when he should hear that Jesus had risen, whether he would be forgiven an act which he could bring himself to forgive only at the price of a long and bitter repentance. Well might he fear that those eyes would be coldly averted from him, the awful calmness of whose glance, the last time they were turned upon him, had sent into his soul the sharpest agony of remorse. But this most generous friend hastened to assure his unhappy disciple that the past was forgotten. The women, having received the message, and believing they had received it from an angel, returned

* It may be objected that, if it had been Jesus speaking, he could not have said with truth, "He is not here." The meaning of these words evidently is, the dead body is not here, here in the tomb, as you expect to find it. But it is not necessary to suppose that the precise words are reported.

with great haste to the city. Let the language of the history be remarked: "They trembled and were amazed, neither said they anything to any one, for they were afraid."

After their departure Peter and John, to whom Mary Magdalene had carried the intelligence of the removal of the stone, or, rather, of the body,—for so she construed what she had seen,—arrived at the sepulchre. Before they reached the spot, Jesus, having found some garments belonging, it has been conjectured, to the gardener,* put off the linen clothes in which his body had been wrapped, throwing off, as I have already said, the cloth which was about his head, so that it lay near where his head had lain, while the remainder he left at the foot of the place where his body had been deposited. John informs us that, when he reached the spot, which he did before Peter, he did not dare to go in. A natural feeling of hesitation came over him, and he waited for Peter, who, with characteristic ardor, as soon as he reached the sepulchre, went boldly in. John followed him. They saw no angel. But John mentions with remarkable particularity how they found the grave-clothes: "The cloth that was about his head not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself." This minuteness, although the reason of it is not at once obvious, is very natural, and strikes my mind with great force. These two disciples had run to the tomb under the impression, communicated by Mary, that the body of Jesus had been removed. Full of this idea, they were greatly surprised at seeing the grave-clothes; and it perplexed them to understand why, if the body had been taken away, the grave-clothes had not been taken also,—why they should have been left folded up with the appearance of so much deliberation. It may be thought strange that the recollection of their Master's prediction did not at this moment flash upon them, and lead them to suspect that he had risen. In the entire absence of any such suspicion, I recognize the unequivocal working of nature. Peter and John were excited by surprise. Now, every one knows that, when any strong feeling is awakened and we are deeply moved, we are not only incapable of calm and connected thought, but the most obvious conclusions are generally the first to be overlooked; and, when our emotion subsides, we are accustomed to find nothing so wonderful as our own want of thought and recollection. This was, I conceive, precisely the case with the two disciples. The quick belief of Mary that the body had been removed, communicated to them with every look and tone of certainty, had full possession of their minds. This idea they ran to the tomb to verify or to remove. They did not go to see whether Jesus had risen, but to ascertain whether the body was there. Intent upon this one point, in their hurry, when they found that the body was indeed gone, then, as John informs us, they "*believed*," not certainly that Jesus had risen, but that what Mary had said was true, that the body was gone. "For as yet they knew not the Scripture that he must rise from the dead." After examining the sepulchre, Peter and John returned home, and left Mary standing near the sepulchre weeping. We may suppose that Peter and John, running very swiftly, reached the tomb before Mary, and that, when they came out, they said nothing to her except to intimate that it was even so,—that the body had disappeared. Possibly they uttered not a word. But she may have gathered from their looks and manner that they had found it as she had said. "And as she wept," one of the accounts informs us, "she stooped down *and looked* into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they said unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She said unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." This passage is very curious, and I entreat the close attention of the reader.

1. In the first place, it is to be considered that the sepulchre was dark in a degree, and that Mary's eyes were dimmed with tears.

2. If what she saw were really angels, it deserves notice that they served no purpose. They communicated no intelligence.

3. If, the moment she caught sight of them, they spoke to her, it is somewhat strange and unnatural that she should have answered them with so much collectedness.

4. On the other hand, if she had full and deliberate view of them, it is equally or more strange that she should have answered them as she did, retaining the impression that the

* If it be considered a question of any interest or importance how Jesus obtained other and more appropriate clothes, more than one method of solving the difficulty might be proposed. But perhaps it will suffice to remark that the loose garments of the East were easily put on and off, and that there had been a number of persons in the vicinity of the sepulchre, Joseph of Arimathea with his attendants, and afterward the Roman soldiers, so that it is easy to conjecture how some garments may have been left there.

body had been taken away when the supernatural vision before her was so powerfully calculated to check her tears instantly and to suggest the idea that God, and not man, had visited the sepulchre.

Finally, it is remarkable that, as soon as she had answered the question, she turned around and saw Jesus standing near her, not knowing that it was he. Are we too bold in suspecting that she mistook what she saw in the sepulchre, a dark place comparatively, when at almost the same moment she mistook the familiar countenance of one standing in the open air and in the morning light? If she had seen angels in the tomb, would she have turned away so readily? Would she not have been prepared to recognize Jesus? Would she have turned round immediately forgetting the angels apparently, still persisting in the idea that the body of Jesus had been stolen, and said to him, in reply to his question, "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" supposing him to be the gardener, "Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." I do not suggest these questions captiously, but with a desire, which no apprehension of being misunderstood can repress, to ascertain the truth.

From a careful consideration of these circumstances, I arrive at the following view of the case. I suppose that, as Mary stood weeping by the sepulchre, she stooped down and looked into it. Her attention was immediately arrested by the white appearances, —the grave-clothes which lay there. I do not suppose that she knew what it was she saw. As she believed that the body had been taken away, she must have presumed, before she looked into the tomb, that the grave-clothes were taken away also. I do not imagine that she was alarmed, but only perplexed, somewhat surprised, as Peter and John had just been before. I doubt whether she thought at the moment that she saw angels, as the two disciples had just come out of the tomb; and, though their appearance may have indicated concern and perplexity, they had shown no signs of having seen anything supernatural in the sepulchre. Just as she looked into the tomb, and caught sight of the white objects, a voice addressed her, producing a slight bewilderment, but hardly fear. Before she had finished answering it, her ear caught the sound of some one approaching behind her, and she immediately turned round and saw Jesus, but did not at once recognize him. Not dreaming of seeing him alive, she did not turn fully round at first.* She merely glanced at the person who spoke to her. Natural enough, too, is it to suppose that, in telling the cause of her grief, in alluding to her lost friend, her tears burst forth afresh, until she was almost blinded with them. I suppose that the first question, "Woman, why weepest thou?" which in the history is attributed to the angels, was put by Jesus, who, unobserved himself, had approached her and seen her attitude of grief. It may be doubted whether at the moment Mary supposed that the first question came from the sepulchre. I presume that at first she did not exactly know, scarcely thought, from what direction it came Before she finished her reply she heard some one near her. As soon as she turned round, Jesus repeated the question, "Woman, why weepest thou?" adding, "Whom seekest thou?" This addition countenances the conjecture that the question which Mary afterward supposed came from the angels was, in fact, put by Jesus standing behind her unobserved. Nothing is more natural and common, when we have addressed an interrogatory to another, and received no direct reply, than to repeat it with additions in a varied form.

When Jesus perceived that Mary did not know him, he said unto her, "Mary!" The tone of that voice thrilled her whole frame. How simple and touching, how true to nature and to the character of Jesus, was this mode of making himself known! There is a divine simplicity here which the heart feels, but the pen in vain attempts to describe. How vividly does the scene present itself before us! We hear that beloved voice uttering in a subdued, half-inquiring tone of tenderness and solemnity the simple name of "Mary." We see her countenance and whole frame suddenly convulsed by the most powerful emotions of amazement, awe, and delight. At one moment she shrinks back with uplifted hands, and with eyes starting from their sockets, and at the next falls clasping his knees and gasping out the exclamation, "Rabboni!"†

* She did not turn fully round at first. This appears from the circumstance that shortly afterward, when Jesus said unto her, "Mary," she turned herself, and said, etc.

† See page 245. The remarks there made upon the retaining of the original in the case of the miracles are applicable to the same feature of the narrative here. The word "Rabboni" is a common word, and the narrator translates it immediately. But words are often untranslatable, less for the want of terms significant of the same meaning of the language into which the translation is made, than from the absence of some strong but indefinable associations which

When Mary had recognized Jesus, he said unto her, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." These words are obscure. But a natural explanation results from a reference to Matthew's account. Matthew says that Jesus appeared first, as they were returning, to *all* the women who visited the tomb. It is natural that such a mistake should have arisen in the hurry with which these exciting events followed one another. Shortly after the women had come into the city, saying they had seen angels at the sepulchre, who said that Jesus had risen, Mary came in saying she had seen Jesus himself. Now as, in the first instance, all the women, Mary with the rest, had gone out to the tomb, it is natural that the story of the women should have been blended with that of Mary, and that it should have been understood by some that all the women had seen Jesus. Matthew tells us that, when the women saw Jesus, they fell down and *held him by his feet.* Now, as it was Mary only to whom Jesus appeared, it must have been Mary who held him by his feet. He said unto her, therefore, in effect: Detain me not, do not stop now to embrace me; for I do not yet ascend to my Father. You will have other opportunities of seeing me. Go now to my brethren and tell them, etc. When Mary told the disciples she had seen their master alive, as they were incredulous, they intimated, in all probability, that it was an illusion of which she had been the subject, that she had seen a spectre. She would naturally insist, in reply, that she had not only seen him, but that she had *touched* him,—that she had held him by his feet, and knew that it was real flesh and blood. Hence the phrase in Matthew, "and they held him by his feet." As upon this act of embracing the feet of Jesus much stress must have been laid, as an evidence of the touch to the reality of his appearance, it is possible that the exact words addressed to Mary by Jesus may have been altered, and he may have been made to say, "Touch me not," when he used a term nearly synonymous, but less obscure.

After Mary had seen Jesus, she returned to the city. There she met the other women, and found that they had seen what they considered as angels. Was it not very natural, then, that she should instantly conclude that the white objects which she had seen in the sepulchre were the very angels who had been seen by her friends, and had spoken to them? The appearances which had startled her were now explained. And when, afterward, she related her part in the exciting scenes of that eventful morning, she hesitated not to say that she had seen the angels.

Throughout these portions of the New Testament which we have now examined there is the fine working of nature, free, true, and unsophisticated. But it is not ostentatiously pointed out and displayed. The writers of the histories seem utterly unconscious of it. It is revealed wholly without design. The fact of the reappearance of Jesus alive is involved in this seamless and living web of nature, not woven by hands, to which it gives beauty and perfection, and in which it is arrayed, so that this great fact of the resurrection comes before us clad in the graceful and imperishable garb of Truth. In a word, the unconscious naturalness of the states of mind disclosed in the participants of these thrilling scenes is revealed by the supposition of the unrecognized presence of Jesus, and this again in its turn corroborated by all the nature which it reveals.

At first view the four accounts of the resurrection of Jesus appear to be altogether irregular, brief, and fragmentary. And so perhaps they are when tried by the formal and narrow principles of human systems and tribunals. When these historians are treated as witnesses in human courts sometimes are, subjected only to such interrogatories as one and another may be disposed to put to serve some private cause, some partisan purpose, it must be confessed they make but a poor appearance. Oftentimes they are but dumb witnesses, and again their answers appear vague, wandering, and aimless. But let them be questioned by a simple love of truth, mingled with a wise reverence for nature, and then they are transfigured, and truth and nature recognize in them their own inspiration. And these writings in the most important and interesting sense are wonderful for the harmony and completeness they display.—*W. H. Furness.*

give to the original a peculiar expressiveness. Hence it is that poetry so seldom survives translation. The exclamation "Rabboni" was the inspiration of the moment, the symbol which was seized by nature, working mightily in and through the deepest emotions of Mary, whereby to express itself. Thus this particular sound had to Mary herself and to those who listened to her story a power of expression which no other articulate sound could convey. What volumes does this one word speak for the reality of the great fact, *the appearance of Jesus alive*, which produced such overwhelming emotion.

THE STILL HOUR.

THE EASTER GUEST.

I knew thou wert coming, O Lord divine!
I felt in the sunlight a softened shine;
A murmur of welcome I thought I heard
In the ripple of brook and the chirp of bird;
And the bursting buds and the springing grass
Seemed to be waiting to see thee pass;
And the sky and the sea and the throbbing sod
Pulsed and thrilled at the touch of God!

I knew thou wert coming, O Love divine!
To gather the world's heart up in thine;
I knew the bonds of the rock-hewn grave
Were riven, that, living, thy life might save;
But, blind and wayward, I could not see
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, e'en me,
And my heart o'erburdened with care and sin
Had no fair chambers to take thee in

Not one clean spot for thy foot to tread,
Not one pure pillow to rest thy head;
There was nothing to offer,—no bread, no wine,
No oil of joy in this heart of mine;
And yet the light of thy kingly face
Illumed for thyself one small, dark place,
And I crept to the spot by thy smile made sweet;
And my tears sprang, ready to wash thy feet.

Now let me come nearer, O Christ divine!
Make in my soul for thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for thee!
Rear, if thou wilt, a throne in my breast;
Reign! I will worship and serve my guest.
Abide thou in me. If in thee I abide
No end shall there be to the Easter tide.

—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

PRAYER FOR EASTER MORNING.

For the hope inspired by the resurrection of Jesus Christ, as well as for the knowledge which it imparts, we bless Thee. Thou hast surrounded us by all that delights the eye and the ear. But in this garden there stands forever a sepulchre, and all that we love goes down into it, and every moment bears us nearer to its darkness. But the stone has been rolled away, and he that was dead has come forth, and given us knowledge of the incorruptible and the undying. Although the forms of those we love are laid in the dust, they still live before God. Inscrutable as it is, death is still only a change whereby the soul, that unconquered portion of thy divinity, repairs its powers, and is refreshed for a new condition of being.

Heavenly Father, earnestly do we pray that this great hope may fill our hearts and prove our salvation. To be joined in communion with the just made perfect, to fit ourselves for the blessed offices of a better state of being,—may this come to be the great end for which we live. Since by thy Son we have been lifted up out of a darkness deeper than that which fills the grave, let us not love death rather than life, but may we seek the things that are on high, looking always to the cross and to the tomb, making Jesus the model to which we conform ourselves in every word and work, living by the life which lived in him.—*W. H. Furness.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.*]

OFFERS.

Will any one who would like to receive "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.?

Any one desiring school-books please apply to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass. "Heroes of the Middle West"; "Our Feathered Families"; "Short History of the Roman Empire"; "Phenomena of Plant Life"; "The Cruise of the 'Cachelot,'" Bullen; "Overhead" (astronomical); "Hymns in Prose," Mrs. Barbauld; "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"; "Hard Maple" (author of "Mr. Rutherford's Children"); "Thrown Together"; "Kenneth," C. M. Yonge; "The Blue Fairy Book"; "Doris and her Dog Rodney"; "Pictures and Stories of Animal Life" (6 vols.); "Jack in the Bush"; "The Nursery Lesson Book"; "A Girl I Know"; "Little Men," Alcott; "A Book of Folk Stories"; "Jackanapes," Mrs. Ewing; "Pilgrims and Puritans"; "Child's History of Greece"; "Stories from Waverley"; Elementary Textbooks (French, German, and Latin); "The Bare-footed Maiden," Auerbach (translation); "The Red Rover," Cooper; "Bonnyborough," A. D. T. Whitney; "Stories of Industry"; "Myths of Old Greece"; "A Dog of Flanders."

The Springfield Branch offers the following books. Address Miss Sarah W. Ball, 21 Wellesley Street, Springfield, Mass. "First Music Reader"; "Principles of Grammar," Davenport and Emeson; "Outlines of Rhet-

oric," Genung; "Higher Arithmetic," Walsh; "Shorter Eysenbach" (German grammar); "The Rosenthal Method of Practical Linguistry" (the French language and the German); "Primer of French Composition," Blowitz; "French Reading for Beginners," Kuns; "Progressive French Drill Book"; "Sans Famille," Malot (a French story); "Mademoiselle de la Seiglière," G. Sand; "The Conversation Method," (French); "Easy Latin Translation Book for Beginners," Heatly and Kingdon; Ovid's "Metamorphoses" (with notes, exercises, and vocabulary); An Exercise Book in Algebra, McCurdy.

REQUESTS.

1. Mrs. Philpin (you may remember me) sends greeting after these years of silence and just trust you can recall the name. I have never been idle, now ten years in Oklahoma, and am still asking my friends who have remembered our work from time to time to come to my rescue. Literature, books, papers, pictures, calendars, and so on. Mrs. T. J Philpin, Elkeno, Oklahoma.

2. Mrs. Alice Adkisson, La Mesa, Texas, will be glad to receive reading, books, or anything instructive, also reading for small children. Would be glad to have the *Delineator* for 1906.

3. Marion Thomas, Peachland, North Carolina, R. F. D. No. 1., asks for a dictionary.

4. Mrs. Nora McKee, Carlock, South Dakota, is very lonely and will be glad of reading.

5. I would be pleased to receive some good magazines, as I have not had any for a long time, or good novels. I live twenty miles from a railroad, one and one half miles from a Post-office, no libraries within reach. There are so many people here like myself, just hungry for good books and too poor to buy, for books are high here. I have lent what books I have till they are literally worn out Will Mrs. J. R., who remembered my little girl at Christmas, please accept my sincere thanks? As she sent no address, I could not write to her. Mrs. Ada Hall, Centralia, Indian Territory.

6. I wish to thank all who have sent me reading. We have passed on all magazines and loaned all books. Now I want to ask for the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Harper's Bazar*, also the books "Rose of the World," "My Lady of the North," and "Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son." We live in the country now, and find many who want reading, others who do not. We try to get them interested. I am always so glad of current numbers of magazines. Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, Three Rivers, St. Joe County, Michigan, R. R. No. 1.

7. Mrs. Arthur Thompson, Granite Springs, Virginia, will be glad of anything in juvenile histories or story books for her nine-year-old boy, whom she teaches at home.

8. I would be glad to receive some reading for my little boys. There is no school here this year. I am trying to teach them at home. My husband and I are both very fond of reading, and I thank those who have been so kind. Mrs. Sylvia Wilson, Reck Indian Territory.

9. I am a young woman. I have been married a little more than two years. I have one baby boy. I am not very well, and it is so far to church that I can't often go. We do not live very close to any public road, therefore I would appreciate any good reading. Mrs. Lou N. Turner, Dodson, Virginia.

10. Clyde Coverdale, Wilmington, Ohio, would like *Youth's Companion* for 1906.

11. Mrs. Mattie Rideout, Highlands, North Carolina, asks for the *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1906, or any reading.

12. Mrs. A. C. Chewning, Granite Springs, Virginia, would be very glad of some books which she will pass on.

13. Mrs. Mary Smith, Wadesboro, North Carolina, would like a Church hymn-book.

14. "Tales from Shakespeare," by C. and M. Lamb, is asked for by Mrs. M. L. Daniel, Farmville, Virginia.

15. Mrs. Helen M. Hutchinson, Cass Lake, Minnesota, would be glad to receive "The Yellow Fairy Book," by Andrew Lang.

16. Rev. W. A. Alleyn, Spring Lake, Michigan, would be glad to receive a "Life of Dr. Martineau."

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

DO NOT REPROVE IN PUBLIC.

It is wrong to correct a child in public. Any proud child feels degraded by it. It should be a case of dire necessity when you find fault with a child before strangers; to destroy a child's pride is to do him an irreparable injury. Take advantage of some intimate hour when parent and child are alone together, and then let the parent tenderly explain how the child has behaved ill the day before or that morning, and why its conduct was wrong, and how it should have behaved; it shows that the parent respects it and loves it, and believes in its capacity to do all good things. This will have ten times the effect of punishment when the child is in a state of excitement and the parent usually angry. Let there be as little confusion in its mind as possible. Above all, keep the fact of your love uppermost in the child's mind, and let it understand that you have no wish to domineer over it, only that, being older and wiser, and loving the child so much, you would save it from its inexperience, that this is your duty, that you are teaching it to be its own master. If your child is cross, do not punish him, but distract his mind from the subject that annoys him. If he continues to be cross, suspect his stomach, and assure yourself that this is in perfect order: a troubled digestion is the root of bad temper. *Hall's Journal of Health.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE NEST OF THE VIREO.

Of all the nests, robins' excepted, those of the vireos most abounded. We found them everywhere, in all woods and by all waters, and we made quite a collection of the deserted ones. They seemed too pretty to be left behind, and, as the owners had no further use for them, we cut off the branches and brought them home.

All the vireos build hanging nests, the material for the framework being much the same, while the lining and the outer finish vary greatly. The place oftenest selected is toward the end of some flexile bough of a tree, or on an alder or witch-hazel, or some such withy kind of wood. The bird begins in the angle where two small stems separate like the letter V, winding around them for a distance of perhaps three or four inches, narrow ribbons of some tough inner bark which she knows best where to collect. She knots these fibres by one of those bird nooses which no human hands can either tie or untie, and then sticks them fast by some gluey secretion which she has among her own personal resources. And the result is that no winds or rains are able to detach these pensile structures from their fastenings till they are beaten and rotted to rags. In addition to this the prudent builder makes security doubly strong by looping her cords to outlying twigs, just as tent ropes are stretched to the pins.

Next she fashions within this framework an oval basket, which hangs from its rim like a tiny hand-net, made strong as a hempen web and as elastic and springy as if woven with hair; and now, the most essential part being done, she seems to cast her eyes about to see what there is lying around for finishing, appropriating almost any soft and pretty thing she sees. In one we found strong fibres of black sheep's wool, in another strands of bright-colored shawl fringe; in some of them were pieces of newspaper with the reading still fresh and distinct, so that the occupant had ample means of indulging her literary taste while tending her little ones.—"*Field, Wood, and Meadow Rambles,*" *A. B. Harris.*

Canon Rownsley, on Saint Martin's, after describing good Saint Martin, added:—

"Some of you, my friends, followers of the gentle Christ, come to worship, nay, *come to the Supper of our Lord*, wearing '*egret*' plumes or 'ospreys' in your hats and bonnets. Do you realize that this 'egret' plume grows on the bird's back only at the time of nesting, and that to obtain one such feather involves the cruel death not only of the beautiful white mother heron, but of the whole nestful of its nearly-fledged offspring? What a price to pay for the pleasure of an egret plume! What a travesty of religion to be able to come into church decked with an egret feather and singing the words of the Benedicite, '*O all ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord!* praise Him and magnify Him forever!' *What a mockery to kneel at Holy Communion*, take the soldier's oath of allegiance unto the Lord,—that gentle Lord of all compassion and mercy, that Lord who said, 'Consider the fowls of the air!' who told us that not a sparrow falls to the earth unregarded by their heavenly Father!"

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

(*Continued from last number.*)

Few things delighted him more than to tell the story of Ragged School work and Ragged School workers. Some of his reminiscences narrated to the writer, who jotted them down as they were spoken, will be read with interest:

"I could tell you some wonderful tales about these rescued lives. The story of the Ragged School is the story of the greatest triumph of modern times. I have seen the most startling development of heroic virtue, the most cheering evidence of the grace of God, in these poor creatures struggling into the light. They make the best of all converts, and it seems to me the Lord interposes with more grace in behalf of the utterly destitute and hopeless than he does with any others.

"I remember one night at the George Yard Ragged School. A magic lantern had been purchased to interest the poor things, and I went down to have a talk with them, as a series of slides, representing the crucifixion of our Lord and the attending circumstances, was to be exhibited. There were about four hundred people in the room, and the police told me that between four and five hundred were turned away. The interest in the pictures was intense, and I shall never forget their earnest, excited faces as the scenes in the sacred drama passed before them. The last picture represented our Lord standing beside a closed door, and the text at the foot of the picture was, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' The effect was startling: it seemed to bring the story home to every heart. And, when I said, 'What you see there is going on at the door of every house in Whitechapel,' they were moved to tears [and the eyes of the old earl filled and his voice faltered as the scene came back to him again]. It was a revelation to them; and, when I told them that, if they would throw open the door, he would 'come and sup with them,' there was something so cosy and comfortable to them in the idea of it that they came pouring round me and thanking me. Poor, dear souls! They do not care much for churches and chapels and the outward forms; they like their religion to be cosy; it fills them with hope of what may some day be their lot, for now they have no comforts in their lives. I wonder how it is they do not die of despair!"

On another occasion he was sitting in the library at Grosvenor Square, with two portraits before him. One was that of a poor, puny, destitute child in rags and tatters, the other of a handsome woman in fashionable attire. He said:—

"Just look at these portraits: they have rejoiced my heart more than I can ever tell. I am more delighted than if I had become possessed of half the kingdom. There is a strange story connected with these portraits. Years ago, late at night, there was a knock at the door. There was nothing very unusual about that; but, somehow, it attracted my attention more than usual, and I remember wondering who it could be, and what the business could be about. Presently I heard the loud and angry voice of a man in altercation with my servant. I felt then—and I recall the feeling vividly at this moment—a strange inward prompting that it was my duty to go and see what was the matter. There was a man with a little child in his arms which he was endeavoring to thrust into the arms of my servant, who of course would not take it. 'What is this all about?' I asked. The man turned to me and said: 'Lord Shaftesbury, I have brought this child to you. I don't know what else to do with it. I cannot trust myself to be its father, and I cannot abandon it altogether.'

"The man's importunity would brook no denial. His appeal was very touching, and I felt I could not dismiss the case. I let the man come in, and took down from him all particulars, and the end of it was that the child was left with me. I did not know very well what to do with the poor little thing, so I had her sent to an inn close by for the night; and the next day, when the landlady of the inn brought her back, Miss Rye happened to be here. She undertook to find a home for the child, and, sure enough, before very long, a lady, who visited the Home in which she was, took such a fancy to her that she adopted her. And the portrait of the fine lady is the portrait of what that little ragged, destitute child developed into. I shall never forget that night when she was left at this house. I feel as convinced that I was moved to do what I did by our blessed Lord as if I had seen him in person and heard his voice."

Few things irritated Lord Shaftesbury more than to hear the poor spoken of as "outcasts," or work for the poor as "hopeless" work.

"Hopeless, indeed! Why, look at my friend 'Punch,' as we called him. Punch had been a source of annoyance to almost the

whole of the workhouses of the metropolis. He went from casual ward to casual ward, 'prigging' the clothes,—that is the right word —and showing himself altogether one of the most abandoned scamps in London. At last he came to the refuge in Great Queen Street. Seeing him there, I said to him: 'Punch, how can you go on in such a way as this? You have got some good about you; you have good abilities and you have strength. Shall we make a man of you, Punch?' Punch replied, 'Well, I don't mind if you do.' Well, we set about trying; and, by God's blessing, we did make a man of him. Having been a first-rate shoemaker, he went out to Natal to carry on business there, and he is, I hope, carrying on business successfully, and maintaining the honorable character which he had when he left the Refuge."

For Ragged School teachers, Lord Shaftesbury never lost an opportunity of saying a kind and encouraging word. He admired their self-denying zeal and Christian courage, and many a time he thrilled his audiences at public meetings by narrating incidents in connection with their work. Speaking, in the country, of the Field Lane School, which afforded the most extraordinary exhibitions of human nature that the world ever saw, he paid the following tribute to a woman's influence:—

"I have there seen men of forty years of age and children of three in the same room,—men the wildest and most uncouth, whom it was considered dangerous to meet, and perhaps it would be dangerous to meet them in the dark alone, but in that room they were perfectly safe. I saw thirty or forty men, none of them with shoes or stockings on, and some without shirts,—the wildest and most awful looking men you can imagine. They all sat in a ring. And the only other human being in the room was a young woman of twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, and, allow me to add, one of the prettiest women I ever saw. She was teaching all these wild, rough, uncouth creatures, who never bowed the head to any constable or any form of civil authority, yet they looked on her with a degree of reverence and affection that amounted almost to adoration. I was greatly alarmed, and, going downstairs and meeting the superintendent, I said: 'My good fellow, I don't like this: there she is among all those roughs. I am very much alarmed.' 'So am I,' he said. 'Then why do you leave her there?' I asked. He replied: 'I am not alarmed from the same reason that you are. You are alarmed lest they should offer some insult to her, but what I am afraid of is this, that some day a man might drop in who, not knowing the habits of the place, might lift a finger against her, and, if he did so, he would never leave the room alive: he would be torn limb from limb.' So great was the reverence that these lawless and apparently ungovernable creatures paid to the grace and modesty of that young woman."—*From "The Life of Shaftesbury," by Hodder.*

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

(*Continued from last number.*)

To her brother, James Freeman Clarke.

NEWTON, Jan. 21, 1838.

I was very glad to hear what Mr. Butler said of Emerson's oration, and shall ask him for one to send him, for it is not to be bought: I tried to get one. I saw Margaret's * letter to Miss Martineau in her journal, which she gave me to read while she was packing up to go to Providence. It was as honest and frank as Miss Martineau could be, to do her best in that way. She spoke first of the violent abuse which it met, as a thing of no consequence (Miss Martineau had asked her how it was liked). Then she said there was a class who liked it for its directness, frankness, generosity, and liberality; and they were principally those who were but little acquainted with her personally and therefore had not the opportunity of seeing those qualities in herself in greater perfection. Another class were her friends who were disappointed in the book, on account of its hasty generalization, intolerance on some subjects, dogmatism, Abolitionism thrusting itself on every page, and other faults which I forget and which were expressed far more strikingly than I have mentioned them. "To this class," she says, "I myself belong." Then, having told the truth in a general way, she descends to particulars, rebukes her for her personalities; unprovoked attack on Mr. Alcott (and here Margaret was quite indignantly eloquent); the gossip about —— —— and others, she asks if her taste can approve of, etc. In short, no severity was omitted. And finally she tells her that she now fears that she has lost her as a friend, but that she felt obliged to speak the truth to her, particularly as she had spoken it to others; that she was

* "Margaret" means Margaret Fuller, except when another surname is given.

asked to write a review of the book, but had refused because she could speak no better of it. Finally she concluded with a very "handsome" acknowledgment of her own obligations to Harriet and bade her farewell. It was a most remarkable letter and a masterpiece of criticism, so understanding and discriminating that it could not help being felt through ever so many folds of vanity or egotism. Besides this, Dr. Follen has written her about a volume, I am told,—a thorough German criticism, examining everything in the most critical way, and showing her all her mistakes that he could see. I suppose it was not very pleasing to him to be so ridiculously magnified. I am glad you gave her the praise she deserved.

To-day, January 21st, it appears to me that I am thirty years old. I do not feel quite so old as I ought on such an occasion.

Jan. 22d.—To-night I received another letter from you. Miss Elsie Bacon dined with us and directed me to say so when I wrote to you, that you might convey the intelligence to William H. Bacon, her nephew. Tell him that she is well and all the rest of his friends. She is a fine old lady. If you get any more subscribers for Carlyle, we shall have to get another edition printed for you, I think. Will you be responsible for the value of them? Do you think so much of Carlyle can be digested in Louisville? I have read it through and am penetrated with a lively pleasure at meeting so new and fair an aspect of History. It seems like reading the note-book of some Flying Intelligence commissioned to carry news from this world up to some supernal height where the mad actions of men are considered. It has every appearance of being the words of one who viewed the Revolution from a distance and clearly noted everything, and, knowing the *before and after*, could clearly fix the place and value of every fact. I have hitherto turned with disgust from History with her bloody hands; but here she has become so picturesque a figure that I am enticed to stop and look at her, and now I see deep meaning in her countenance. That profound tragedy of the French Revolution teaches the great lesson, still neglected, yet to be learned, of the inalienable rights of human beings. When you get it, put the Charlotte Corday picture into the *Messenger*. I am glad you have Lamb's "Life and Letters." I had thought of getting it to send to William, but it is too dear. You had better send it when you have used it up.

Dr. Jackson called and paid Smith for the next year of the *Messenger*, and was willing, he said, to pay $6 for it. Mrs. Thomas Appleton wants the December number which she had not received. I will give her one, and you may send her another, since she seems to want it so much. Have you sent the work to John Smith, as I suggested? These new subscribers whose names I have sent you lately wish to begin with the January number. Mr. Parker, of whom I bought the paper for you, told me that he wrote you when he shipped the boxes, they *were* insured in Boston.

We have had no winter yet: the mercury stood on the 1st January at 60 degrees.

Ad Dios.

S. A. C.

We were amused with the naïveté of your remark that you had attempted to magnetize Mrs. Rogers *without effect*, as if that were particularly noticeable; but, if you can cure *tic douloureux*, I am no longer amused.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Miss Kate L. Watson, Post-office Box 57, Worcester, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address *plainly* (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

Who can read this pathetic tail (?) of a cat, which we find in an exchange?

THE MELANCHOLY CAT.

A h
arm les
s hou sehol
d cat | In medita
tion sat | Before th
e fire upon a wint d.
er's day. She dr re
eamt a golden ee
past, | and fell h st
er tears full fast | ve
To think of youth fo ha
rever fled away. | — — ty
But is it gone? Ah, no! ni
As facts will shortly er
show: | Two little mice et
engaged in chat appear to
ed. | Forgot her solemn un
years. | Up went her ce
mob mi
ile The
ears— |

II.

CHARADE.

My *first* we eat in a salad;
My *second* enjoy in flowers;
My *whole* is sign and symbol
Of a land far removed from ours.

III.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In pudding, but not in sauce.
In prickly, but not in gorse.
In candid, but not in true.
In debtor, but not in due.
In tripping, but not in fall.
In shouting, but not in call.
In loving, but not in dote.
In ballot, but not in vote.
In squander, but not in waste.
In hurry, but not in haste.

The whole a very comprehensive work without much definite information as to the affairs of the world.

IV.

HIDDEN FISHES.

1. We will take a car, Phœbe, to the museum.
2. I took her ring to the jewellers.
3. Don that garb as soon as possible.
4. I think I must punish Ada for this.
5. I have not heard Pietro utter a word.
6. Her taste is barbaric, odd, and expensive. —*The Independent.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

I. Will the winter never be over?
Will the dark days never go?
Must the buttercups and the clover
Be always hid under the snow?
Oh, lend me your little ear, love!
Hark! 'tis a beautiful thing,
The weariest month of the year, love,
Is shortest, and nearest the spring.

II. Madcap.

III. RACK
ABLE
CLAY
KEYS

IV. Civil. Spell it in Roman numerals.

V. When the fire burns low, put coal on (colon). When the coal on burns, make a full stop.

VI. A shoe.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TRIED AND TRUE RECIPES.

Pot Roast Beef.—Cut small pieces of suet, and fry in an iron pot until brown. Season a lean piece of beef with salt and pepper. Sprinkle with flour and fry brown on all sides in the pot. Then add boiling water to almost cover the beef. Cover and boil slowly until tender. Add water from time to time to keep from burning. When done, thicken the gravy with flour and you have a dish fit for a king.

Orange Pie.—Four eggs, four tablespoons sugar, one tablespoon butter, the juice and grated rinds of two oranges. Beat well the sugar, butter and yolks of the eggs, then the oranges, and, slowly and lightly, the beaten whites of the eggs. Mix well and bake in a rich undercrust.

To remove rust from white clothes, rub lemon juice and salt into the stain, and hang at once in the hot sun. Usually one application is sufficient.

Refined paraffine or powdered borax added to starch while cooking prevents irons from sticking and gives a brilliant lustre to the garment. I use about a tablespoonful of either paraffine or borax to two quarts of starch.

A handful of salt stirred into the rinsing water prevents the clothes from freezing so rapidly while being pinned to the line, during winter. Try using some good brand of naptha soap for laundry purposes, and you will find, if done according to directions, lovely white and sweet-smelling clothes with only little labor. But, if common soap is used, add a tablespoonful of turpentine to a boilerful of cold water. It helps to whiten the clothes nicely.

Do not use turpentine near the fire or lamp, as it is explosive; but, put into a boiler of cold water and then set on the stove, it is perfectly safe.

The most wasted of all days is that on which one has not laughed.—*Chamfort.*

Every duty which is bidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back.— *Charles Kingsley.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

The editor will send to any minister who desires to receive them, the previous numbers of the *Cheerful Letter* containing extracts from the Life of Lord Shaftesbury, the great philanthropist of the nineteenth century.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The next meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Friday, April 6, at 10.30 o'clock. Subject: "Methods of Work in the West." All interest in Cheerful Letter Work cordially invited.

The May meeting will be devoted to reports of the year's work by the Committees.

Headquarters for the Cheerful Letter Exchange have now been established at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, and the assistant secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, will be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays, to receive callers.

Hereafter, address all communications, intended for the Cheerful Letter Exchange, "Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass." This includes subscriptions, changes of address, requests for discontinuance, begging, letters received by members or branches.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our assistant secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter.

CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Chairman, Mrs. Harris Kennedy, Readville, Mass.

Secretary, Mrs. Lily Blunt Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Treasurer, Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Mary Louise Catlin.

Editor of the "Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.